

THE STAMPEDE

AT
CALGARY
ALBERTA
1912

SEPTEMBER 2,3,4&5

P. BURNS, Esq.

GEO. LANE, Esq.

A. E. CROSS, Esq.

A. J. McLEAN, Esq.



BOWNESS

CALGARY'S
RESIDENTIAL SUBURB



This beautiful property with a frontage of over three miles to the Bow River, has been carefully laid out to provide Home-sites up to 22 acres in extent.

Municipal Street Car service.

Protected by Building Restrictions.

For particulars apply to the agents.

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Calgary

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A. E. CROSS

P. BURNS

A. J. McLEAN

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*IS THE WHIP THAT LASHES
COURAGE TO VICTORY*

That is Why Our Store is Known as

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Our Prescription Department

Our Kodak Department

Our Soda Department

Our Confectionery Department

Our Toilet Goods Department

...FINDLAY'S...

The familiar name when you are in need of Pure Drugs
The familiar name when your Physician is Consulted
The familiar name through Canada as the High Class Store

Visit Our Store. You're Welcome.

Our Clerks Are Obliging.

Our Clerks Are Men of Ability.

We Are Always Here

Our Store is Open Day and Night

Watch Our Windows! See Our Ads!

The JAS. FINDLAY DRUG CO. Ltd.

THE REXALL STORE

WE NEVER SLEEP



GUY WEADICK



H. C. McMULLEN

ORIGIN OF "THE STAMPEDE."

The promoters of the Frontier Days' Celebration have not even the merit of originality to commend them, but are just plain every day citizens of "Rangeland," one, an "Old Timer," and the other a "Young Un."

"Frontier Days," at Cheyenne, "Roping at El Paso," "The Rodeo" at Los Angeles, and "The Round-Up" at Pendleton, each of them have attained with years the dignity of an institution and to the "Cattleman," and the "Puncher," is the "Mecca" to which each year thousands of the "faithful" turn their eyes.

Having in mind the fact that what has happened in the South was being repeated in this, "The Last and Best Great West," the old-time cowman was being forced to the wall, H. C. McMullen, General Live Stock Agent, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of the "Old Guard," in Montana from "'73," and Guy Weadick, one of the younger generation of riders and ropers, conceived the idea of organizing a monster celebration, patterned after those in vogue in the great-cattle States in the South. Enlisting the aid which was readily given, of several of the most prominent cattlemen of Alberta, organization was effected, and preparations made to present this entertainment on such a scale of magnificence as would be a fitting finale to the glorious history of this justly celebrated range.

Not alone the kings and emperors of Rangeland, but citizens of all classes alike have united to make the "Stampede" a worthy tribute to those grand old men whom we all delight to honor.

While this is to be a season of joy, a period rich in reminiscences, an occasion of hearty greetings, and renewal of old friendships, there will be just a tinge of sadness as we gaze upon the "Sunset of a Dying Race."

Calgary's Growth and Prosperity

POPULATION

1901.....	6,557
1904.....	10,542
1905.....	12,500
1906.....	17,000
1907.....	21,040
1908.....	25,000
1909.....	30,000
1910.....	50,000
1911.....	60,000
1912.....	63,520

BUILDING RETURNS, 1911

January	\$ 296,040.00
February	333,660.00
March	1,012,260.00
April	1,127,256.00
May	3,616,012.00
June	1,826,220.00
July	817,980.00
August	927,540.00
September	903,210.00
October	803,160.00
November	545,340.00
December.....	698,160.00
Total.....	\$12,907,638.00

CUSTOMS RETURNS

	1910.	1911.
January	\$48,453.70	\$ 89,153.51
February	57,100.95	112,974.21
March.....	80,403.04	167,002.29
April.....	113,147.15	147,996.00
May	89,824.02	168,970.89
June	106,172.49	130,606.73
July	86,990.39	154,124.82
August	84,284.56	151,849.92
September	93,751.53	175,855.66
October	65,081.95	133,425.65
November.....	97,429.92	150,638.23
December.....	88,916.12	149,968.35
Total.....	\$916,639.92	\$1,740,567.03

CALGARY HAS

Calgary has 147 miles of water mains, and 7,000 consumers.

Calgary has 105 miles of sewers.

Calgary has approximately 300 miles of streets and avenues, 22 miles of which is paved.

Calgary has in its electric light and power department 50 miles of pole line, and approximately 100 miles of wire; 425 street lamps, and 7,000 private connections with the system.

Calgary has 25 miles of improved boulevards.

Calgary has a municipally-owned and controlled street railway system, with 41 miles of tracks. The system has cost \$1,000,000, on which a most satisfactory net profit is derived.

Calgary has nine parks devoted to recreation and athletic purposes.

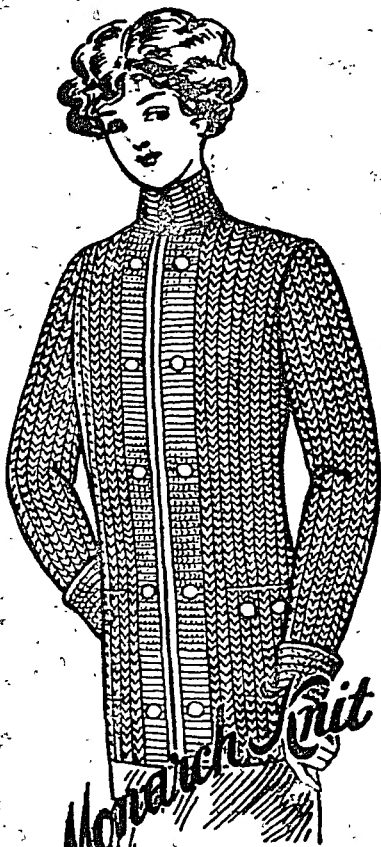
Over 3,000 building permits have been issued from the builders' inspector during 1911.

The Dominion government will expend at least \$300,000 in Calgary during 1912.

Are you Traveling ?

Don't forget your Sweater Coat!

ONE of the most necessary articles in your traveling bag is your Sweater Coat. If you wish to travel in comfort, get one of our Sweater Coats.



For WOMEN

We have a particularly handsome coat of pure ribbed wool. A glance at the illustration will convince you of its most attractive appearance, and the name "Monarch-Knit" is a guarantee of comfort and wearing quality.

For MEN

We have the Shaker Coat. A closely woven garment of pure wool with collar which may be worn open or buttoned.

This garment is in high favor with men who are particular about their comfort and appearance.



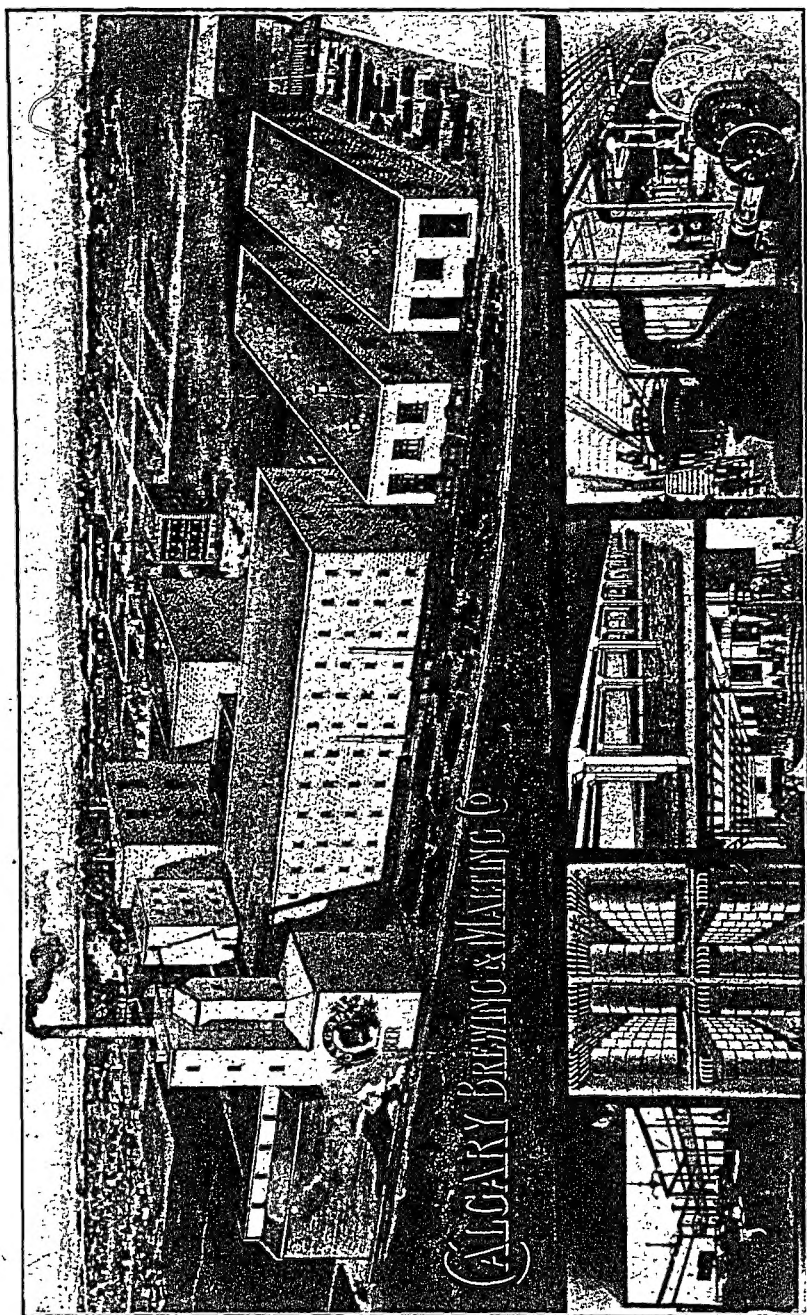
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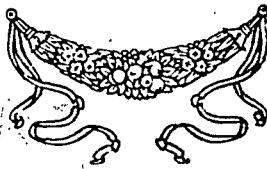


HISTORY OF ROPING

About a half century ago, when thousands upon thousands of cattle grazed the open prairies of the Northwest Territories, and what is now Alberta and Saskatchewan, before corrals and wire fences came upon the scene, and the cattle business was conducted on the open range plan, it was found that experts with the lariat were much in demand. At this time the cattle roamed the plains more or less as they pleased, only to be disturbed two or three times each year; first in the spring when they were gathered and thrown back on the summer range, and calves branded; next in the early fall, when they were rounded up and thrown together again, all beef "cut," driven to a railroad station, loaded and shipped to market, at the same time all late calves were caught and branded.

This, in a general way, was the procedure of the ranchmen, but all this time the cowboy, who was handy with the rope, found his competitor for first honors; hence disputes would arise as to who was best of the bunch. Finally, the different ranches developed a champion, and matched contests were held on the open prairies with only cowboys for an audience. This proved a great sport for the cattlemen in general. At these contests, horses so well trained as to display almost human intelligence were used, and carried off their share of the honors. These contests were usually arranged for the 24th of May (the Queen's birthday), and July 1st (Dominion Day), finishing with a cowboy dance at night. These dances consisted of "Balance All," to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw," delivered by some old-time cow hand, who enjoyed his task as much as the many happy couples, especially if the boys had plenty of the old brand to shorten the intermission with. In later years the public became interested and matched contests were brought to the cities. This proved so interesting to the large crowds which would come many miles, and there were so many ropers who believed themselves as good as the best. Free-for-all contests were next in order, when rules governing contests were adopted by the ropers. The boys took more pains in training their horses for contest work, and to-day a good roping horse sells for a price equal to that which is paid for the winning race horse.

To-day, roping is the cleanest and fairest of all sports, and anyone—I care not who he is—can well appreciate a contest participated in by the ropers who have proven themselves to be champions.



"THE STAMPEDE"

Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5, 1912

GENERAL RULES

- (1) Any person showing the effects of too much liquor cannot assist or compete in any event.
- (2) The management assumes no liability for injuries to contestants or damages done their property. The contestants and their assistants assume all risks.
- (3) The management proposes to run this contest on schedule time. A sufficient number of seats will be reserved for all participants in each day's events, and each participant or his representative must be found there when called for his event. No one will be permitted on corral fences or inside grounds except people asked to assist by the field manager or participants ready to start.
- (4) All ropers and riders are required to give assistance when requested to do so by the field manager, and all participants are required to take part in each day's parade dressed in costume worn at their performance.
- (5) The management reserves the right to make any additional rule that circumstances may demand to govern any event. Provided, said rule or rules are made on day before contest starts.
- (6) All horses entered the contest for the \$100.00 prize offered for the best bucking horse must be entered at the owner's risk.

RULES GOVERNING ROPING AND ROPERS FOR WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

- (1) Each contestant will rope two steers.
- (2) Each steer will be given a forty-foot start, and each roper is forbidden to start until the steer has crossed the forty-foot line, and shot has been fired. The roper may rope the steer in any way he desires. Catch as catch can.
- (3) The judges shall select not less than five ropers who have made the best average time on two steers. The ropers selected by the judges shall each rope three steers on the last day of the contest. The roper making the best average time on these three steers will receive first money. Roper making second best average time will receive second money. Roper making third best average time will receive third money. The roper making the best individual time on one steer during the first three days' roping will receive \$500.00.
- (4) After the roper throws up his hands for time he will not be allowed to touch the steer in any way or manner. Nor shall the roper be permitted to leave his horse holding a tight rope when the steer is being passed on. If the rope is upon the steer, the roper must lead his horse to within ten feet of the steer and remain there until the judge has passed upon the steer.
- (5) All steers must be roped and tied. Steers will be left tied down five minutes from the time the roper throws up his hands. Should a steer get up after the judge has passed on him and before the five minutes are up, the roper will have one minute added to his time.
- (6) The tie judge will see that three feet are crossed and tied in proper manner to hold steer.
- (7) Should any roper who has reached the finals be disabled so he cannot finish roping the balance of his steers, the management will then pick a roper his equal, or as near his equal as possible, to tie the steer or steers that he has no time on.
- (8) No roping match can be called a draw, but must be a finish.

Good Horses and Good Clothes Go Hand in Hand

The Latest

Fashions

in

Men's

Furnishings

Our

Hobby

Self confidence and poise go with good clothes.

Correct attire has a tonic effect that brings forth a man's best qualities. The wearer of Broadway and Art Clothing rests easy in the knowledge that his attire is beyond criticism.

He looks upon our label as a guarantee of correct style and satisfying fit.

Prices always moderate. Suits, \$18.00, \$20.00 and up to \$35.00.

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FURNISHERS TO MEN WHO CARE

Successor to R. M. Foster & Co., Ltd.

132 8th Avenue West

WHOOOP - LA!!!

Welcome Cowboys!

The City is Yours!



COME AND MAKE YOUR HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

The Grand Central Hotel

NINTH AVENUE EAST

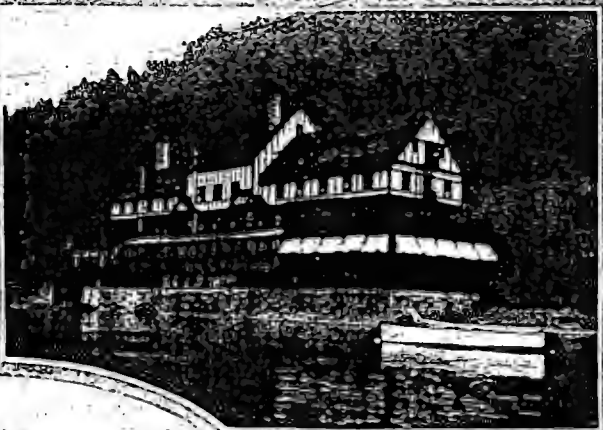
OPPOSITE C.P.R. DEPOT.

C. C. and E. B. STOKES, Prop's

They are your kind and will use you right.

Call and See

"LET'S STAMPEDE."



THE COMPANY'S
BEAUTIFUL HOTEL
AT SICAMOUS



CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE



VIEW OF
LAKE
LOUISE



NATIONAL SULPHUR
POOL AT BANFF

- (15) All riders entering in this contest must abide by any additional rules that the management sees fit to make on the day before contest starts.
- (10) There will be three time-keepers, a tie judge and a starter.

RULES GOVERNING BRONCHO RIDING

- (1) There shall be three judges and their decision will be final. Riders must ride slick saddle with not more than fifteen-inch fork, and not ride on spurs or reins. Spur rowels must be covered with leather, and no quirts or whips will be allowed.
- (2) Riders will be judged while mounting and dismounting, time consumed in mounting, ease, grace, horsemanship and fancy stunts will be considered.
- (3) Each rider must provide his own chaps, spurs, and saddle, and saddle blanket, and be ready to ride the minute that he is called, as at the last minute no delay whatever will be tolerated. The management will furnish halter and halter shank for riding. The halter shank will be loose at one end and must not be wrapped around rider's hand. A rider found wrapping halter shank will be put in same class as riders who "pull leather." Bronchos will be ridden from chute.
- (4) Horses will be numbered on hoofs. Contestants will draw for mounts, and are to ride as often as the judges may request. After seeing each rider ride, the judges shall choose six to ride for the prize. In the finals, the judges may require any man to ride any horse and as many horses as they shall designate.
- (5) Should a horse fall and get away from its rider, the rider shall not be entitled to another horse, but if rider holds his horse he shall have another try at him.
- (6) All riders entered in this contest must abide by any additional rules that the management sees fit to make on the day before the contest starts.

COWGIRLS' BRONCHO RIDING

Riders may ride slick saddle or with hopped stirrups. Otherwise governed by same rules governing cowboy broncho riding. In this event ladies will be allowed to use jaquima instead of halters.

COWBOYS' RELAY RACE—FREE FOR ALL

- (1) For saddle horses only. Combination saddle horses and race horses barred. There shall be three judges who shall pass on horses eligible for the race at least forty-eight hours before the race starts. Rider must finish on same horse he starts on each day. Should a horse that has been run the previous day be lame or crippled, judge shall allow rider to take another horse. In this case rider must show said horse to judges between nine and ten o'clock on the day the race is to be run. Under no circumstances can horses entered be changed after ten o'clock on day race starts.
- (2) Nothing but cowboy stock saddles, weighing no less than 25 pounds, with ordinary cinch and latigo can be used. No patent buckles or elastic cinches allowed.
- (3) Each contestant may have one helper to hold extra horse. Helper cannot hold or touch horse while being saddled or unsaddled by contestant.
- (4) The race shall be a two-mile race, ridden on two separate horses, each horse running one-half mile heats. Rider changing saddle and blanket to fresh horse each half mile.

LADIES' RELAY RACE

Same rules as men's relay race, except saddle may weigh not less than 20 pounds.

INDIAN RELAY RACE

This race shall be a two-mile race each day, ridden on two separate horses, each horse running one-half-mile heat. No saddles used.

MEN'S BAREBACK RIDING

The bronchos are to be ridden from chute. Circle around horse. As near as possible riders will be judged according to same standard as those governing riders in broncho contests.

Programme

SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1912

- 9 a. m. Parade through streets of city to grounds.
- 1 p. m. Galloping parade of all mounted people around track.
Presentation of characters to audience.
- No. 1. Fancy and trick riding by cowgirls.
 - No. 2. Stage coach race.
 - No. 3. Roping of steers by cowboys.
 - No. 4. Cowgirls relay race.
 - No. 5. Bareback bucking horse riding by cowboys.
 - No. 6. Steer bulldogging contest by cowboys.
 - No. 7. Roping of steers by cowboys.
 - No. 8. Fancy roping by cowgirls.
 - No. 9. Fancy roping by cowboys.
 - No. 10. Cowboy relay race.
 - No. 11. Riding of bucking horse by cowgirls.
 - No. 12. Riding of bucking horse by cowboys.
 - No. 13. Roping of steers by cowboys.
 - No. 14. Fancy and trick riding by cowboys.
 - No. 15. Steer riding by cowboys.
 - No. 16. Indian relay race.
 - No. 17. Wild horse race.

Any other special events will be announced from judges' stand, and displayed under the heading of extra on the bulletin board.

WILD HORSE RACE

Half-mile Race

Horses in this race will be numbered and contestants will draw for horses. Riders must saddle own horse. Each rider will be allowed two helpers. Riders must furnish own saddle and jaquima. Winner of this race on any day no eligible to enter on any succeeding day. Man making best time in these four days' contest wins Stetson hat in addition to money given winner of the race.

STEER BULLDOGGING

Steer will be given ten feet start. Rider must leave horse and catch steer in one minute or he will be flagged. Time will be taken from time steer crosses ten-foot line until steer falls. Should contestant let steer get up before passed on by judge, one minute will be added to his time. Contestant making best average time on four steers during the four days' contest gets first money. Second best average time on four steers, second money. Third best average time on four steers, third money. All steers thrown in this contest must be thrown with hands only. No biting allowed. Any display of undue cruelty will immediately disqualify contestant.

TRICK RIDING BY COWBOYS

All contestants to ride each day, and be prepared to exhibit their skill on call of arena director at any time during the performance. Judgment in this event will be rendered on greatest variety of tricks, ease, gracefulness and general skill displayed. Judgment rendered and prizes awarded on the closing day.

FANCY RIDING BY COWGIRLS

Same rules govern this event as apply to fancy riding by cowboys.

TRICK ROPING BY COWBOYS

All contestants to rope each day, and be prepared to exhibit their skill on call of arena director at any time during the performance. Judgment in this event will be rendered on greatest variety of tricks, both spinning and catching, both on foot and horseback, ease, gracefulness and general skill displayed. Judgment rendered and prizes awarded on the closing day.

FANCY ROPING BY COWGIRLS

Same rules govern this event as apply to fancy roping by cowboys.

STAGE COACH RACE

For six-horse teams, standing start each driver makes figure eight around two barrels on infield and back to track, and run in different directions, passing each other on opposite side of track from the grand stand. First driver crossing line in front of grand stand wins. Coaches will be furnished by the management.

Rules for all other events such as steer riding, burro riding, potato race, cow pony turning race, etc., etc., will be arranged prior to opening of "The Stampede."

GUY WEADICK, Manager,
706a Centre Street

WHAT THE CALGARY FURNITURE STORE, LIMITED, MEANS TO THE PEOPLE OF ALBERTA

YOU are personally invited to call at any time and inspect our exceptionally complete lines—to find out for yourself just what this establishment is trying to do, the promptness of our service, the earnest, intelligent effort which is constantly made to anticipate and fulfil your every want.

LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF DEPENDABLE FURNITURE ON THE PRAIRIES

Our experienced buying organization is in constant touch with the world's best furniture marts, and through our immense demand for **DEPENDABLE** goods (we do not carry unreliable makes) we are enabled to obtain not only concessions in price, but the choicest goods and maintain a thoroughly representative stock. We carry many lines of goods which the average store considers too good for their trade, but which we consider necessary to meet the exacting requirements of our customers.

We are exclusive representatives for many high-class lines—in fact, a very large portion of our stock is composed of the goods of manufacturers who confine all their business in this territory to The Calgary Furniture Store, Limited. Here you will find such well known lines as Craftsman, Heppelwaite, Sheraton, Colonial, Tudor, Louis XIV., Queen Anne, and other period designs. **BEST STORE—BEST FURNITURE**—A concern with large fixed expenses must necessarily charge more for their goods than does the house whose cost of doing business is cut to a minimum. The Calgary Furniture Store's Seventh Avenue building, of latest construction, was built specially to order for us with every convenient arrangement for the economical handling of goods. A large volume of business, economical management, and a harmonious, enthusiastic force of employees—reduces our selling expense and the customer gets the benefit.

THE CALGARY FURNITURE STORE, Limited 7th and 8th
AVENUES
CALGARY

USE

Tuxedo Coffee

THE BEST ON EARTH



MANUFACTURED BY

Georgeson & Co., Ltd., Calgary

SCORE CARD OF STEERROPING, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1912

[illegible]

NOTES OF EVENTS, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1912.

[illegible]

I AM AN OLD - TIMER!

And I keep the very latest in Hardware. Come in and meet us. Take home a Souvenir Stock Knife. We sell the famous Gurney Oxford Chancellor Range.

WHITE FROST REFRIGERATORS. BUILDER'S HARDWARE
Everything in Sporting Goods. Winchester Shells & Rifles

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Important Announcement



We carry the Largest Stock of Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise in the Province of Alberta, and make a specialty of Teachers' Supplies. Our stock of Violins, Mandolins, Guitars, etc., is unsurpassed.

Visit our Phonograph Department and hear all the Latest Songs as sung by vocalists known the world over.

The **Alberta Piano Co.**

128 8th Ave. West

Home of the New Art Bell, the Piano with the Sweet Tone

STAMPEDE for the CROWN LUMBER CO.

For your Requirements in Lumber

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HARD WOOD FLOORINGS

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Beaver and other Wall Boards.

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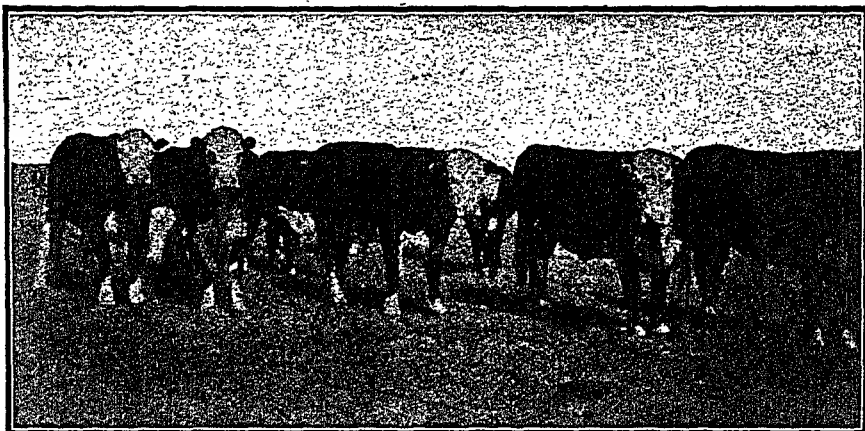
CALGARY,
ALTA.

WILD WEST

BY WALLACE D. COBURN

Wild West ! Sweet ruler of the past
Whom I shall ne'er forget ;
To thee whose power once was vast,
These lines I write, and yet—
E'en as I write I fain would look
Upon thy charms once more—
As when in by-gone times I took
Advantage of the smiles you wore ;
But thou art gone and naught remains,
Of thy sweet presence here
Except thy subjects of the plains,
Whose love for thee was dear,
And even they are few and gray,
And with the passing years,
Like all things human, fade away,
Adown the vale of tears.

Yes ! thou art gone and in thy stead
Dame Progress proudly stands
With stolen crown upon her head;
And blood-stains on her hands.
But though from sight of loving eye
Thou hast sadly passed away ;
My love for thee shall never die
Till in the ground my form they lay.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF P. BURNS.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, wherever the language of the range is spoken, in legislative halls, in hotel lobbies, at conventions, banquets, and cow-camps, the name of P. Burns is familiar to all, and his cheery smile, and hearty hand grasp are as welcome as the first grass after a hard winter. Born in "'53," at Oshawa, Ont., the lure of the West gripped him early, and the construction of the Canadian Pacific gave him the opportunity he was looking for.

On the "front" with the first graders, he soon became the mainstay of the "Commissary," no bet was too small to pick up, no contract too big for him to tackle, and many a navy would have missed his dinner if Burns' "drive" had not shown up on time.

From these beginnings grew the vast fortune he has accumulated; until to-day, his packing houses dot the country from Calgary, Edmonton and Nelson to Vancouver, while NL steers have cut deep the trail through the "Chilkoot" pass over the "Big Range"; and down the Yukon to Dawson.

Modest, unassuming, and likeable, a keen business man, a lover of clean sport and a true friend, few in this great north land have so firm a grip on the affections of the people as has our genial P. Burns.



Programme

SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1912

9 a. m. Parade through streets of city to grounds.

1 p. m. Galloping parade of all mounted people around track.

Presentation of characters to audience.

No. 1. Fancy and trick riding by cowgirls.

No. 2. Stage coach race.

No. 3. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 4. Cowgirls relay race.

No. 5. Bareback bucking horse riding by cowboys.

No. 6. Steer bulldogging contest by cowboys.

No. 7. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 8. Fancy roping by cowgirls.

No. 9. Fancy roping by cowboys.

No. 10. Cowboy relay race.

No. 11. Riding of bucking horse by cowgirls.

No. 12. Riding of bucking horse by cowboys.

No. 13. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 14. Fancy and trick riding by cowboys.

No. 15. Steer riding by cowboys.

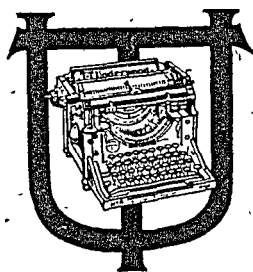
No. 16. Indian relay race.

No. 17. Wild horse race.

Any other special events will be announced from judges' stand, and displayed under the heading of extra on the bulletin board.

CANADIAN CLUB AND IMPERIAL WHISKIES

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LTD.
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



The

Underwood Typewriter

HAS ALWAYS BEEN FIRST IN ALL OF THE SPEED

Championships

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD DURING THE PAST
SEVEN YEARS. IN FACT, EVER SINCE THE INTER-
NATIONAL RULES WERE ADOPTED. THOSE OPERA-
TORS WHO ARE FIRST IN SPEED OR ACCURACY,
ARE UNDERWOOD OPERATORS, AND THEY ARE

The Champions

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DIAMOND MERCHANTS



116A 8TH AVENUE EAST

CALGARY

RECORD OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION ROPERS

J. Ellison Carroll, Erick, Okla., 19 seconds (champion of the world on one steer).

John Glenn, Chirichau, Ariz., 23 1-5 seconds (champion of the world on five steers).

Clay McGonagill, Pearl, New Mexico, 25 seconds.

J. E. Weir, Monument, New Mexico, 23 seconds.

Geo. Weir, Monument, New Mexico, 21 seconds.

J. B. Drake, Stillwater, Okla., 21 4-5 seconds.

B. M. Gentry, Council Hill, Okla., 22 seconds.

R. L. Gentry, Council Hill, Okla., 22 seconds.

Joe Gardner, Sierra Blanca, Texas, 23 seconds.

Henry Grammer, Kaw City, Okla., 21 4-5 seconds.

Millard Holcomb, Chickasha, Okla., 22 1-5 seconds.

C. H. Johnson, Pawhuska, Okla., 23 seconds.

T. L. Truscott, Redden, Okla., 22 seconds.

H. C. Hill, Owasso, Okla., 24 seconds.

W. F. Hale, Wilburton, Okla., 21 seconds.

Oscar Lawrence, Sulphur, Okla., 22 seconds.

S. S. Burgess, Schulters, Okla., 25 seconds.

Louie Bland, Schulters, Okla., 26 3-5 seconds.

Thos. L. Greer, El Paso, Texas, 21 seconds.

Rafael Fraustro, Terrazas, Mex., 21 4-5 seconds.

Alf. Vivian, Pesco, Tex., 22 2-5 seconds.

Will Glenn, Douglas, Ariz., 21 3-5 seconds.

Sandy West, Tahlequah, Okla., 22 3-5 seconds.

E. N. Burgess, Schulters, Okla., 26 4-5 seconds.

Bud Parker, Villa Ahumada, Mex., 23 1-5 seconds.

Ed. Echols, Dragoon, Ariz., 28 seconds.

Chas. Vespey, Newman, New Mex., 21 seconds.

Ed. Hall, Nutt, New Mex., 21 seconds.

L. E. Beyers, Andrews, Tex., 22 seconds.

Kelley Phillips, Nutt, New Mex., 23 1-5 seconds.

Jimm Hall, Nutt, New Mex., 23 2-5 seconds.

Ray Sorrells, Pattagonia, Ariz., 24 3-5 seconds.

Ed. Peide, Nutt, New Mex., 25 2-5 seconds.

Tom Ogles, Pecos, Tex., 25 2-5 seconds.

W. K. Hale, Fairfax, Okla., 25 4-5 seconds.

Walter Hulseý, Stigler, Okla., 28 2-5 seconds.

Tom Donley, Vinita, Okla., 27 1-5 seconds.

Paul Donley, Vinita, Okla., 28 2-5 seconds.

Add Bradshaw, Chant, Okla., 26 seconds.

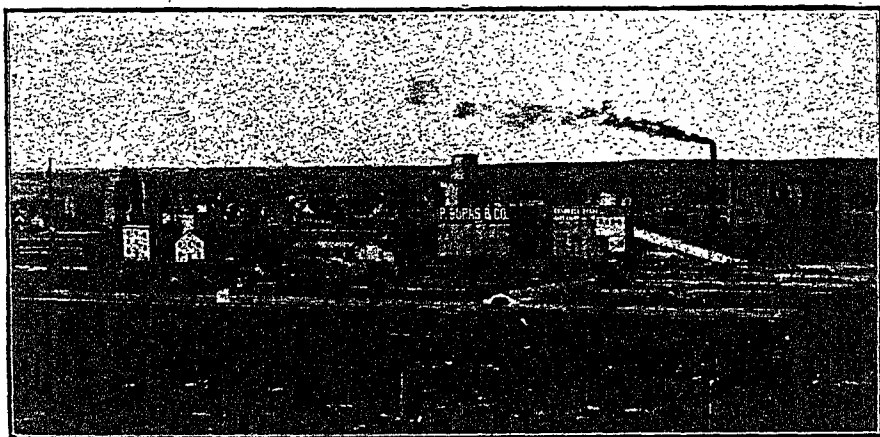
H. I. Falconer, Spiro, Okla., 26 3-5 seconds.

John Throchmorton, Bilss, Okla., 25 1-5 seconds.

Fred. Beeson, Muskogee, Okla., 25 seconds.

Jimmie McDanniel, Cowlington, Okla., 26 seconds.

The House of the Shamrock Brand



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Dressed Beef, Pork and Mutton.
"Shamrock Brand" Hams, Bacon and Lard
"Carnation Compound," the Perfect Shortening
"Shamrock Brand" Creamery Butter, Eggs, Poultry
and Cheese

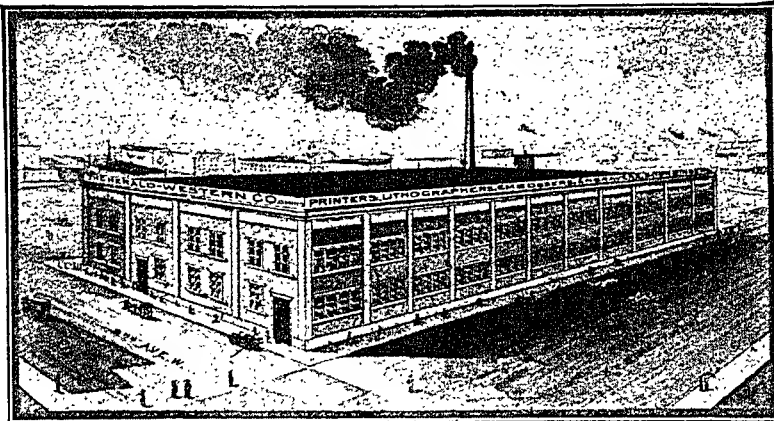
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New Home of The Herald-Western Co., Ltd., cor. Sixth St. West and Second Ave., Calgary, Alta.

The "STAMPEDE" Program was printed and
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LOOSE LEAF
SYSTEMS

OFFICE FILES and
STATIONERY



PRODUCTS OF BAR U RANCH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GEO. LANE

Away back on what was then the outer fringe of civilization in a little cross-roads hamlet, close to Des Moines, Iowa, in the year 1856, was born Geo. Lane, the "Cattle King" of Alberta.

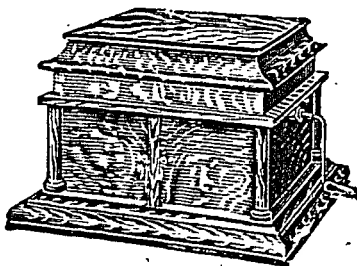
With a vision that was almost uncanny, he early foresaw the possibilities of the then practically unknown plains of the Northwest; a born optimist, with unlimited faith in himself, and a plain, blunt way of presenting facts, he succeeded in enlisting the interest and financial support of those hard-headed and intensely practical scots the "Allans" of steamship fame.

With a commission and a letter of credit in his pocket, he set out for the "foothills," and the winter of "'84" found him laying the foundation of the greatest cattle business, and the most famous cowcamp of the Northwest.

From one end of the Dominion to the other the fame of the Bar U ranch has spread until a visit to the West without a sojourn at Lane's would be as tame and unprofitable as a trip to Egypt without seeing the Pyramids.

The vast herds of "Shorthorns" grazing at will on the thousands of acres of the Bar U and Y T ranches are the wonder and admiration of any interested Eastern capitalists, and men of affairs. However, Mr. Lane has not confined his activities to the breeding of fine cattle, but has the proud and unique distinction of owning the largest head of pure-bred "Percherons" in the known world to-day, over four hundred of these magnificent animals roaming the pastures of his different ranches, while his annual importations of blue-blooded stock from La Belle France run into many thousands of dollars in value.

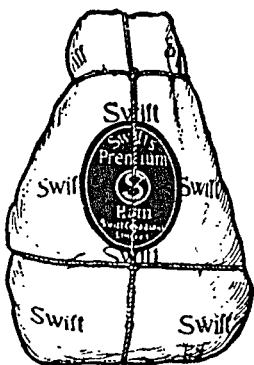
In recent years, Mr. Lane has had associated with him in the ranching business the well-known packing-house firm of Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, of Winnipeg.



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Ham and bacon have always been the chief meat food of the frontiersman, the explorer, the miner, the lumberman, and all working men, upon whatever their vocations, because these foods contain more nourishment pound for pound than any other meats.



Swift's Premium Hams and Bacons

can be purchased wherever good foods are sold in Canada. They are mild, sugar cured, hickory smoked, and every piece inspected and guaranteed by the Canadian Government. To be sure that you secure the tenderest and finest cured ham and bacon insist on the dealer supplying you with Swift's Premium Brand.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., Limited

Plants at Edmonton, Winnipeg, Vancouver
Branches at Winnipeg, Ft. William, Edmonton, Calgary, Nelson, Vancouver, and Victoria

AN ODE, "THE COWBOY"

BY WALLACE D. COBURN

Over the prairie the cowboy rides,
As a modern knight he stands alone,
Always ready with heart and hand,
A typical prince of the Western zone.

No other land can claim his like,
He's a native American-born and bred,
A product of God's noblest land,
The land for which his fathers bled.

PHRASES, AND EXPRESSIONS OF "RANGELAND."

Rangeland is rich in idioms, corruptions, abbreviations and adaptations. The cowpunchers' vocabulary is replete with short but expressive terms, that, to the initiated are full of meaning, but as unintelligible as "Chinook," unless one is to the manner born. In the early days of the "Panhandle," Jim and Joe Maverick were such consistent and persistent "rustlers" that any "slick ear" found on the range, and about which enquiry was made, was promptly assigned to the "Mavericks," hence the term "Maverick." The spring round-up, when calves are branded, and the fall gathering of beef soon developed the "Rodeo," a word of Spanish origin.

The "Remuda" has no synonym in the English language, but is Mexican to signify the moving of the combined "Rodeo" camps.

Cavajara was abbreviated to "Cavy," the saddle band of horses that follow the "Rodeo" with remounts.

The "chuck wagon" is the moving commissary department of the "Rodeo," and is the point of interest round which the tired riders gather after a hard day's drive.

Vaqueor, gancho and similar terms on the English equivalent of our "cowboy," while the Buccaroo is the graduate of the range school, who has advanced to the dignity of "breaking out," the bronks for his less skilful brother of the "chaps."

Chaperajos has in obedience to the cowpunchers disinclination to use long words been shortened to "chaps," the leather or haired leggings so necessary in the chapperal, or buck brush country.

"Rep" is the representative of any large owner sent to a neighboring range to attend the "Rodeo," to cut out and fetch home the strayed animals found.

"Trail herd" was used to distinguish the bunches, usually three thousand head, being driven in the old days over the Santa Fe, or Chisholm trails to Abilene or Dodge City, or from Mat Taylor's bridge to Cheyenne to load for the Eastern markets.

The "bed ground" is the spot selected for throwing together either range or trail herd to be held over night.

"Slick ear" a yearling that has escaped branding or being ear-marked.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE USE OF OCHRIS AND PAINT AMONG THE INDIANS' PEOPLE

This earth and mineral colorings were used on the human face and form, also on the panels of the Buffalo and Mooseskin Lodges of the tribes.

These later, when the horse came upon the scene, the Indian daubed and painted his mount for the occasion.

The following will indicate some of the times and seasons for special-painted face and form in human life:

- 1st—Learning to hunt and trap.
- 2nd—Reaching manhood.
- 3rd—Seeking a creed or meeting the spirit of his dreams.
- 4th—Going to war.
- 5th—Seeking a mate.
- 6th—Going to battle.
- 7th—Coming home as victor.
- 8th—Undergoing defeat.
- 9th—Joy and feasting.
- 10th—Death and mourning.
- 11th—Seeking the priesthood.
- 12th—Medicine and burying.
- 13th—Becoming a seer and able to travel afar in spirit.
- 14th—Religious and used especially at the great annual festival of mid-summer.
- 15th—Peace making.
- 16th—Travelling.
- 17th—Visiting.

All of the above gave reason for certain style and shapings of color on face and form and costume, and many of these customs are still in vogue in the three middle provinces of this Western land. I very much question if these Indians have donned war paint since 1885. A few individuals, such as the Blackfoot, who killed the issuer of rations down at the Blackfoot Crossing, or the Blood Indian, who ran amuck and killed several people before he was arrested, or Almighty Voice the Cree, who also killed several men and finally succumbed to the gathering guns near Duck Lake, with these few individual cases we have not had any "war paint," but of the other paint and feathers as in use among these tribes we have had these in common among all these Indians, and doubtless will for some time to come.

The paintings on the panels of the lodges were the life history of the warrior, hunter, occupant of same. His daring, and pluck, and skill were thus made an object lesson even during his life in the lodges of his people.

REV. JOHN McDougall,
Calgary, Alberta.

They all
“Stampede”

But they can't
“Break out”

THERE'S A REASON

ALL WIRE USED FOR FENCES
AND CORRALS ON THIS GROUND

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The Ideal Fence Co., Ltd
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THE COW HORSE

No adjunct is more necessary in all spheres of the cowboys' routine than the so-called cow-horse. He knows the needs and the exigencies of the cattle business as thoroughly as the somber-eroed man of the plains, who sits astride his back. Without the cow-horse there could be no cattle industry on a big scale, for steers could not be captured, "cut-out," tied, branded, penned or shipped.

A horse becomes, in the phraseology of the West, a cow-horse when he has served his apprenticeship on the range. The best of them are worth about \$150.00 in the open market, whereas an equine unschooled in the business of the prairie, goes begging at half the price. Fifty-mile wanderings, day by day, fatigue them not at all, and their sole means of subsistence is prairie grass. Grain is a luxury not vouchsafed them once a year, and sometimes there are twenty-four stretches without water. So familiar is the experienced cow-horse with the method of pursuit and capture of a wild-running steer that bridle, reins and the guiding hand of a rider are unrequired details. He follows the quarry in every turn and brings the cowboy speedily to the most advantageous position for the casting of the imprisoning lasso. And when the rope encircles horns or neck, he understands how best to withstand the physical shock as it grows taut. Every muscle is braced against the impact, which sometimes wrenches saddle horn from its fastening, or tears cinch as if it were paper. If the plan is to tie the captive, he knows the rope must not slacken, for the steer, thrown headlong in the abruptness of its halt, is held prostrate only by the rigid line.

In moving among a herd of prairie cattle the cow-horse has been taught to proceed with furtive movement, for unwonted activity will cause a stampede. If the rider has singled out an individual steer whom he wished to "cut-out," the cow-horse comprehends instantly the purpose, quietly forces the animal to the outer limits of the drove, and then, the danger of commotion over, no longer withholds speed.

The cow-horse fords or swims a river without hesitation, and seems to know and avoid quicksand by intuition. He traverses tracts riddled with prairie dog and gopher holes without once becoming entrapped.

Little wonder that the cowboy comes to love the faithful beast who is his companion by day and night, who is his ally in every move and every step, and without whom his means of livelihood would be gone.

" THE OUTLAW "

BY CHAS. BADGER CLARK, JR.

When my loop takes hold on a two-year-old
By the feet or the neck or horn,
He kin plunge and fight till his eyes go white,
But I'll throw him as sure as your born.

Though the taunt sing like a banjo's string
And the latigoes creak and strain,
Yet I've no fear of an outlaw steer
And I'll tumble him on the plain.

For a man is a man, and a beast a beast,
And the man is the boss of the herd ;
And each of the bunch, from biggest to least,
Must come down when he says the word.

When my legs swing 'cross on an outlaw hawse,
And my spurs cinch into his hide,
He kin r'ar and p'itch over hill and ditch
But wherever he goes I'll ride.

Let 'im spin and flap like a crazy tap,
Or flit like a wind-whipped smoke ;
But he'll know the feel of my rowelled heel
Till he's happy to own he's broke.

For a man is a man, and a hawse is a brute,
And the hawse may be prince of his clan ;
But he'll bow to the bit and steel-shod boot
And own that his boss is the man.

When the devil at rest, underneath my vest,
Gets up and begins to paw ;
And my hot tongue strains at its bridle reins,
Then I tackle the real outlaw.

When I get plumb riled and my sense goes wild,
And my temple has fractions growed ;
If he'll hump his neck just a triffin speck
Then its dollars to dimes I'm throwed.

For a man is a man, but he's partly a beast ;
He kin brag till he makes you deaf ;
But the one lone brute from West to East
That he kain't quite break, is himself.

"THE STAMPEDE"

BY WALLACE D. COBURN

Did you ever hear the story of how one stormy night,
A wild beef herd stampeded, down yonder to the right ?
No ? Well, you see that sloping hill, beyond the sage-brush flat,
East of the old round-up corral, where all the boys are at ?
'Twas one night in November, and I was on first guard,
A storm was brewing in the west, the wind was blowing hard.
Of wild Montana steers we had about a thousand head,
Belonging to the "Circle C," and each one full of "Ned."
The season had been rainy and the grass was thick and long.
So the herd had found good grazing in the hills the whole day long.
The clouds had piled up in the west, a strangely grotesque mass,
And the rain began to patter on the weeds and buffalo grass.

The lightning flared up in the clouds, and all was deathly still,
Except the melancholy howl of a coyote on the hill.
The vivid shifting lightning kept bright the stormy scene,
And I could see the broken hills, with wash-outs in between.
And when Bill, who was standing first guard with me that night,
Came jogging past, he 'lowed that it was certainly a sight,
And then commencing to whistle, while I began to sing,
The lightning flared along the sky like demons on the wing,
But round and round rode Bill and me, with slickers buttoned tight
And looking like dim specters in the constant changing light,
The thunder now began to peal and crash along the sky,
The cattle pawed and moved about, and the wind went whistling by,
Then, suddenly without a sign, there came an awful crash,
And my eyes were almost blinded by a bright and burning flash
That filled the air an instant, then as suddenly went out,
While little sparks of lightning seemed floating all about.

And then the scene that followed defies my tongue to tell,
For those wild steers stampeded when the deadly lightning fell.
I don't know how it happened, but when my vision clears,
I find that I am riding in the midst of running steers.
And oh ! the thoughts that filled my brain as in that living tide,
Of hoofs and horns and glowing eyes, I made that fearful ride,
On and on at deadly speed, I dared not slacken pace ;
A stone wall could not stop us in that blood-curdling race,
And if a cowboy ever prayed with fervor in his prayer,
'Twas me among those madd'n'd beasts, for I prayed in despair.
My horse was jammed and thrown about as o'er the rocky ground,
We sped like some vast torrent, with stubborn, sullen sound,
But when my horse was almost gone, and death stalked all about,
I heard above the awful roar a cowboy's ringing shout.

And looking backward in the gloom, I caught a fleeting glance
Of cowboys fitting to and fro, like spirits in a dance,
And then I felt my nerve come back, like some old, long lost friend.
For I had given up all hope, and waited for the end.
At first I couldn't hardly tell just what they hoped to do,
But soon I saw they meant to cut that running herd in two,
For after cutting off a bunch, they lined up with a cheer,
To form a wedge of solid men and charge them from the rear.
Then on they came through tossing horns, with old Jack in the lead.
The cattle parted stubbornly, but didn't slacken speed,
On and on, with sturdy force, those brave lads struggled on,
But I doubted if they'd reached me before my horse was gone.
For, as I spurred his reeking flanks, and pulled his head up high,
He slowly sank beneath me, and I felt that I must die,
But up again he struggled, then down he went once more,
And I found myself a knockin' at old death's gloomy door,
And when I got my senses, the hoof and horns were gone ;
And Bill was kneeling at my side with streaming slicker on,
You see, my leg was broken and chest was badly crushed,
By half a dozen reckless steers, as over me they rushed,
But it's hard to kill a cowboy, they're pretty tough you know,
Else I'd been riding in the clouds with angels long ago.

PRIZE LIST

" COME AN' GET 'EM! "

Cowboys' Bucking Horse Riding Contest for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$1,000.00 cash and a fine saddle; 2nd Prize, \$500.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$250.00 cash. Entrance fee, \$25.00.

Cowgirls' Bucking Horse Riding Contest for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$1,000.00 cash and a fine saddle; 2nd Prize, \$500.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$250.00 cash. Entrance free.

Cowboys' Steer Roping Contest for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$1,000.00 cash and a fine saddle; 2nd Prize, \$500.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$250.00 cash. Entrance fee, \$25.00.

This is for the average time on 3 steers. Additional prize of \$500.00 to man making the fastest individual tie on one steer.

All cattle used in roping and bulldogging events will be from Old Mexico. \$200.00 cash prize for best roping horse.

\$100.00 cash prize for best bucking horse and will buy him for \$300.00 cash.

Cowboys' Contest in Steer Bulldogging for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$500.00 cash and a fine saddle; 2nd Prize, \$250.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$125.00 cash. Entrance fee, \$12.50.

Cowboys' Contest Bareback Bucking Horse Riding with Sircingle for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$500.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$250.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$125.00 cash. Entrance fee, \$12.50.

Stage Coach Race—\$250.00 Prize to winner. This amount is given each day. Entrance free.

Indian Relay Race—1st Prize, \$100.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$60.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$40.00 cash. Entrance free.

Cowboy Relay Race—1st Prize, \$750.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$500.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$300.00 cash. Entrance fee, \$25.00.

Nothing but saddle horses entered in this event. Professional race horses barred.

Cowgirl Relay Race—1st Prize, \$500.00 cash; 2nd prize, \$250.00 cash; 3rd prize, \$125.00 cash. Entrance free.

Nothing but saddle horses entered in this event. Professional race horses barred.

Cowboy Fancy Roping Contest for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$500.00 cash and a fine saddle; 2nd Prize, \$250.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$150.00 cash. Entrance fee, \$12.50.

Cowgirl Fancy Roping Contest for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$300.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$200.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$100.00 cash. Entrance free.

Cowboy Trick and Fancy Riding Contest for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$500.00 cash and a fine saddle; 2nd Prize, \$250.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$150.00 cash. Entrance fee, \$12.50.

Cowgirl Trick and Fancy Riding Contest for World's Championship—1st Prize, \$300.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$250.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$125.00 cash. Entrance free.

Wild Horse Race each Day by Cowboys—1st Prize, \$100.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$50.00 cash; 3rd Prize, \$25.00 cash.

This amount is given each day. Entrance fee, \$10.00.

Various other liberal prizes given for the minor events. In any event where there are three cash prizes given there must be at least five entries.

Did you ever see a prize list like this before at a Frontier Day Celebration? No!

Programme

SEPTEMBER 4th, 1912

9 a. m. Parade through streets of city to grounds.

1 p. m. Galloping parade of all mounted people around track.

Presentation of characters to audience.

No. 1. Fancy and trick riding by cowgirls.

No. 2. Stage coach race.

No. 3. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 4. Cowgirls relay race.

No. 5. Bareback bucking horse riding by cowboys.

No. 6. Steer bulldogging contest by cowboys.

No. 7. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 8. Fancy roping by cowgirls.

No. 9. Fancy roping by cowboys.

No. 10. Cowboy relay race.

No. 11. Riding of bucking horse by cowgirls.

No. 12. Riding of bucking horse by cowboys.

No. 13. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 14. Fancy and trick riding by cowboys.

No. 15. Steer riding by cowboys.

No. 16. Indian relay race.

No. 17. Wild horse race.

Any other special events will be announced from judges' stand, and displayed under the heading of extra on the bulletin board.

Old Time Camp and Trail Tunes

THE DYING COWBOY

"A jolly group of cowboys, discussing their plans one day,
When one says, 'I will tell you something, boys, before I'm gone away.
I am a cowboy as you see, although I'm dressed in rags.
I used to be a wild one, a-taking on big jags.
I have a home, boys, a good one, you all know,
Although I have not seen it since long ago.
I am going back to Dixie, once for to see them all ;
I am going back to Dixie to see my mother when work is done this fall.

" 'After the round-ups are over, after the shipping is all done,
I am going to see my mother before my money is all gone.
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me, and that's all,
And with God's help I will see her, when work is done this fall.'

"That very same night this poor cowboy went out to stand his guard.
The wind was blowing fiercely and the rain was falling hard.
The cattle they got frightened and ran in a mad stampede.
Poor boy, he tried to head them while riding at full speed.
Riding in the darkness so loudly he did shout,
A-trying to head the cattle, a-trying to turn them about,
When his saddled night horse stumbled and upon him did fall.
Now the poor boy will not see his mother when work is done this fall.

"We picked him up so gently and laid him on his bed,
A-standing all around the poor cowboy, a-thinking he was dead,
When he opened wide his blue eyes, looked around and said :
'Boys, I think those are the last steers I shall ever head.
So Bill, you take my saddle, and Charley, you take my bed,
And George, you take my six-shooter, and be sure that I am dead.
I am going to a new range, for I hear my Master's call,
And will not see my aged mother when work is done this fall.

" 'After the round-ups were over, after the shipping was all done,
I was going to see my mother before my money was all gone.
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me, and that's all,
And if God had spared my absence I would have seen her,
When work was done this fall.'"

Old Time Camp and Trail Tunes

THE LEGEND OF BOASTFUL BILL

BY CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

At a round-up on the Gilly,
One sweet mornin' long ago,
Ten of us was throwed right freely,
By a hawse from Idaho ;
And we thought he'd go a-beggin',
For a man to break his pride,
Till, a-hitchin' up one leggin,
Boastful Bill cut loose and cried :

"I'm a orn'ry proposition for to hurt ;
I fulfil my earthly mission with a quirt ;
'Tween the Gulf and Powder-River,
I kin ride the highest liver
And I'll break this thing as easy as I'd flirt."

So Bill climbed the Northern Fury,
And they mangled up the air,
Till a native of Missouri
Would have owned the brag was fair,
Though the plunges kept him reelin'
And the wind it flapped his shirt.
Loud above the hawse's squealin'
We could hear our friend assert :

"I'm the one to take such rakin's as a joke ;
Someone hand me up the makin's of a smoke,
If you think my fame needs bright'nin',
Why, I'll rope a streak of lightnin',
And I'll cinch it up and spur it till it's broke."

Then one caper of repulsion
Broke that hawse's back in too ;
Cinches snapped in the convulsion ;
Skyward man and saddle flew,
Up he mounted, never laggin',
While we watched him through our tears,
And his last, thin bit of braggin',
Came a-droppin' to our ears.

"If you'd ever watched my habits very close,
You would know I've broke such rabbits by the gross,
I have kept my talent hidin',
I'm too good for earthly-riding,
So I'm off to bust the lightin's—Adios."

Years have gone since that ascension ;
Boastful Bill ain't never lit,
So we reckon' that he's wrenchin'
Some celestial outlaw's bit.
When the night rain beats our slickers,
And the wind is swift and stout,
And the lightin' flares and flickers,
We kin sometimes hear him about :

"I'm a broncho-twistin', wonder on the fly ;
I'm the ridin' son of thunder of the sky.
Hi ! you earthlin's shut your winders,
While we're rippin' clouds to flinders,
If this blue-eyed darlin' kicks at you, you die."

Old Time Camp and Trail Tunes

Star-dust on his chaps and saddles,
Scornful still of jar and jolt,
He'll come back sometime astraddle,
Of a baid-faced thunderbolt ;
And the thin-skinned generation
Of that dim and distant day,
Sure will stare with admiration,
When they hear old Boastful say :

"I was first, as old rawhiders all confessed ;
I'm the last of all rough riders and the best,
Huh ! you soft and dainty floaters,
With your a'roplanes and motors !
Huh ! are you the great grand children of the West ?"

THE COWBOY'S REGRET

Whoop-up City it was called,
In them old, happy days
When cowboys they wore cutters,
And were genteel in their ways.

And when I look at that old town,
And see them cussed swells
A-riddin' wheels with boys' pants on
And ringing little bells.

While by their side, or else in front,
As bold as any man,
A gal with men's apparel on
The breezes swiftly fan,

Why, it makes me feel that should this world
Come to a sudden close,
I could gladly cross the river
That for everlastin' flows.

And with the pretty angel gals,
A-soarin' through the sky,
I'd bargain for a pair of wings,
And try and learn to fly.

Old Time Camp and Trail Tunes

THE BOYS OF THE YELLOWSTONE FLATS

We are the gay punchers of the Yellowstone flats.
We wear the high heels, also the white hats.
We're noted in Texas and on the Staked Plains,
Also in Montana in the Yellowstone range.

We ride Marden saddles, our chaps are the best,
Our bits, boots and spurs can't be beat in the West.
We ride up the trail, take down the rawhides ;
There never was a broncho but what we could ride.

We've worked for the D T's, also the H. S.,
But as for the Shoesole, we think them the best.
We ride to the wagon, we ride in pursuit;
We hear the cook holler, "Chuck-away," grab a root.

We spread our blankets on the ground, cold and hard,
For shortly we'll have to stand two hours' guard,
The night as so dark we can scarce see at all ;
We ride to the sound of some young maverick's bawl.

Next morning at daybreak on circle we'll ride,
To round up the maverick, take down the rawhide.
We'll rope him and throw him, as in days of old,
And on his left shoulder we'll brand the shoesole.

The game of cow punching may be honest enough,
But for the young cowboy it seems mighty tough.
What cares the puncher, as he rides the range o'er.
The cowman will get there or else make a roar.

From broncho bustin' I've had quite enough ;
I'll go east like Big Bill and there play the tough.
I'll let my hair grow long and dance on the stage ;
Tell them I eat cactus out West and chew sage.

For boots, quirts and saddles I've no further use;
I'll ride to the home ranch and turn the bronk loose.
I'll put boots and saddles where they will keep dry,
For perhaps I might need them in the sweet bye and bye.

THE DOMINION BANK

Head Office: Toronto

Capital Paid Up, \$4,700,000

Reserve and Undivided Profits, \$6,200,000

Total Assets, \$70,000,000

Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit Issued Available
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**SAVINGS
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Department

The Canadian
Business of
American
Banks is
Given Special
Attention

Calgary Branches:
R. K. Beairsto,
Manager



SPECIAL DONATIONS TO CONTESTANTS AT "THE STAMPEDE."

Three silver inlaid bits.

Three pair inlaid spurs—August Buermann Saddlery Hardware Co., Newark,
N. J.

Three saddles—Victor Marden Saddlery, The Dalles, Oregon.

One saddle—Great West Saddlery, Calgary.

One saddle—Calgary Saddlery, Calgary.

One saddle—Riley & McCormick, Calgary.

\$250.00 (gold)—Alberta Hotel stakes, C. D. Tapprell.

\$250.00 (gold)—F. C. Lowes stakes, F. C. Lowes.

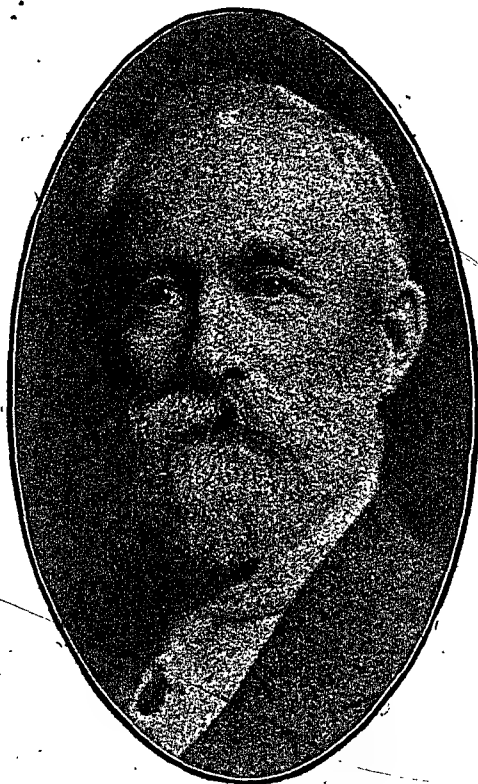
\$250.00 (gold)—Canadian Estates Co., Ltd.

\$100.00 Diamond Ring—D. E. Black.

1 Stetson Hat, Slicker, 1 pair Riding Trousers—Dan Cashman.

6 Stetson Hats—John B. Stetson Co., Philadelphia.

2 City Lots—H. M. Splane & Co.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. JOHN McDOUGALL

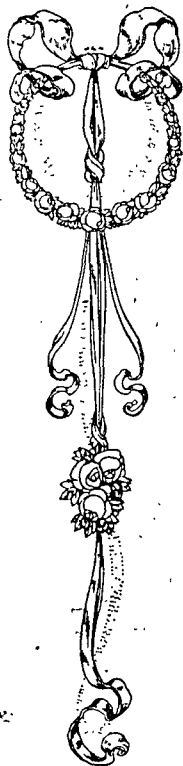
The great West has always been noted as the home of big things. The mountains grow bigger, the plains spread wider, and the rivers flow faster than in any other portion of the North American Continent, and so we have learned to look for larger types. The men have developed greater nobility of character, hopefulness, truth and integrity, and in all these there is no character known in the West which stands out with larger prominence than that of Rev. John McDougall, the pioneer missionary of the Northwest. Born at Owen Sound in 1842, he came West in "60," and was associated with the forces of the Hudson's Bay Company's organization in its earlier days, his activities during the trying years in the pioneer days of the West were not confined to material things, nor to his personal advancement in worldly ways. The Doctor found time to pay special attention to the development of the latent nobility in the Indians of this province.

With wisdom that was almost uncanny he soon gained the confidence of these undemonstrative people, and to this day exercises a splendid control and educational influence over the tribes of the plains. He is obeyed through love, and his councils are heeded not through fear, but by reason of their proved worth and sincerity.

In 1874 the Doctor was commissioned as special agent for the Dominion government, to take up the work of treaty making with the scattered tribes west of the Great Lakes. In this he was eminently successful, and to his knowledge of their undeveloped character and special requirements together with his absolute fairness and honesty in dealing with these people is due largely the success that has attended the Canadian government in all their dealings with the Indians.

In "'76" and "'77" the Doctor concluded the famous Blackfoot treaty, which has endured to this date without one dissenting note. From the Blackfoot Crossing in "'77" to Battleford in "'85" is a long stretch, but this does not indicate that the Doctor was idle in the intervening period. Ever active in the service of the government and interests of his home province, and always mindful of the rights and needs of his adopted children (the Indians), he was at all times ready to undertake any duty or service required of him in accomplishing the desired object. As Peace Commissioner he preceded the troops as leader of the Pioneer Division, and was largely instrumental in concluding peace in that now historic year.

Modest and unassuming, of rather a retiring nature, he has never pushed himself to the position of prominence in the affairs of this country that his merits would readily indicate from the esteem and confidence shown by his fellow citizens, and the respect of his comrades in the early pioneering days. The Doctor is content with the rewards of a duty well and cheerfully done.



THE ZEBRA DUN

We were camped on the plains at the head of the Cimmaroon,
When along came a stranger who wanted to auger some;
Such an educated feller, his words just came in herds,
He astonished all them cowboys with his jaw-breakin' words.

We thought he was a tenderfoot just escaped from town.
We soon began to plan how to have some fun.
We asked about his breakfast, he hadn't had a snip,
So we opened up the chuck box and bid him help himse'f.

He took a plate of beans and then some beer and bread,
And then began to tell us of foreign knights and queens
And about the Spanish War a fightin' on the seas
With guns as big as steers and ramrods big as trees.

He talked about the weather, ropes, spurs and things;
He didn't seem to know much about workin' on the range.
He just kept blowin' his basoo till he made the boys all sick,
And we begun to study up just how to play the trick.

Said he was on his way to strike the 7 D's;
Said he'd lost his job down close to Santa Fe
Some trouble with the boss, he didn't say the cause
Said he'd like to have a fresh fat saddle hoss.

That tickled the boys all over; they laughed down in their sleeves.
Oh, yes! we will give you one as fresh and fat as you please,
So Shorty grabble his lariat and roped the Zebra Dun,
And turned him over to the stranger and we waited to see the fun.

Old Dun was a rocky outlaw; he had grown powerful wild.
He could paw the white out of the moon every jump for a mile.
Old Dun he stood plum still not seemin' for to know
That the stranger had him saddled, and was fixing up to go.

When the stranger mounted him, old Dunny quit the earth.
He travelled right straight up for all he was worth.
Old Dun, he bucked and bawled just like some dogie calf
As the stranger began to quirt his flanks and we began to laugh.

But the stranger sit up there a-curlin' his moustache
Just like a summer boarder waitin' for his hash.
Old Dun was standin' on his head, was havin' wall-eyed fits;
His hind feet perpendicular, his front ones in the bits,

But the stranger spurred him in the shoulders and whipped him as he
whirled.

To show them flunkey punchers he was the wolf of the world.
Well the boss was standing nearby a-watchin' on the fun,
And when the chap dismounted, called him to one side.

He said you needn't leave this camp unless you want to go,
For I will give you a good long job and back pay with dough,
If you can sling the catgut like you rode old Dun,
You're the man I'm lookin' for since the year One.

Well he could throw that lariat and didn't do it slow;
And he could catch them foreuns nine out of ten for dough;
And when the herd stampeded he was Johnny on the spot;
And he could get the herd to millin' like the stirrin' of a pot.

And there's one thing and a sure thing
That we've learnt outside of school,
That all educated town men
Ain't d— n fools.

NOTES OF EVENTS OF SEPTEMBER 4th, 1912.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A. E. CROSS

Ordinarily when a man has been properly inoculated with the range microbe he does not readily recover from the disease, and time tends only to make more secure the bonds that tie him to the cow business.

In Mr. A. E. Cross, president of the Calgary Brewing and Malting Co., however, we have the exception that goes to prove the rule. Born in Montreal in "61" the "call of the West" found ready response, and the fall of "'82" saw the future cattle king and legislator hustling for a job on the buffalo range of Western Alberta. Unbounded energy and persistent efforts told in the end, and before many years the A 7 steers from the fat pastures of Mosquito Creek, in quality and numbers, were second to none on the range.

A shrewd practical man of business he was selected for several consecutive terms to serve his fellow citizens in the Legislative Assembly at Regina in the old "Territorial" days, and, to his business and executive ability, and high standard of honor, as well as his keen devotion to what he considered his public duties, the province of Alberta owes a great deal. With success came the desire to expand and finding his large and growing interests constantly demanding the closest personal supervision, Mr. Cross has been compelled to relinquish to a great extent his close connection with the ranching business; but notwithstanding the numerous calls upon his time, and his intimate connection with affairs of public movements he still finds time for an occasional visit to the ranch, where there yet remains hundreds of the A 7's just to keep green the memory of his early love.

COWBOY FUN

BY WALLACE D. COBURN

"Yes, stranger, them was red-hot times,
And things they wasn't slow
In this here little, one-hoss town
Some twenty years ago.

"Cow punchers they was in their prime,
And genteel in their ways,
And didn't ride the grub line, like
You see 'em do now'days.

"The ranges they was big an' wide,
Where roamed the long-horned steer,
The wild horse and the buffalo,
Likewise the elk and deer.

"Gi' me some red-eye—that's the stuff—
Jar loose an' let her run;
There's nothing like old forty-rod
To open up the fun.

"Now, boys, let's have a stag dance,
And celebrate, you know,
The kag is full of whiskey,
And our pockets full of dough.

"Come stranger, don't be bashful,
This party ain't select;
Though you're a simple tenderfoot,
The boys they won't object.

"Say, boys, let's find a shepherd,
A herder, that's the cheese,
Like that old whiskey soaker
With his dog between his knees.

"Come Shep—you, over yonder,
A talkin' to your dog;
This ain't no lunatic asylum;
Come, let's have a clog.

"Oh, you don't know how it's done, hey?
You're modest, that is all;
Come, boys, let's start the music;
Now, herder, balance all.

"Start now, you're up against it;
Close up you blatin' face;
That's good, now slide out for the hills,
Your dog has quit the chase.

"Go, pull your freight and vanish!
Get out and split the breeze,
Shake off the wool that's in your clothes—
A little faster, please.

"Now, gentlemen, the air is cleared
Of that flea-bitten bum,
Put up your guns and wet your throats
With Casey's fightin' rum.

"Here's to the happy days of old,
When wages they was high;
Come, drink, you won't get licker
In the sweet bye and bye."

THE COWBOYS

The great days of the cowboy have passed. The agricultural stage pushes aside the pastoral. Farming, wherever it can be advantageously pursued, and stock farming, possess, or will possess, the great area where once the knights of the quirt and stock saddle lived their healthy and adventurous lives. They were found at one time or another from Mexico to the Peace River, throughout the so-called arid lands and Bad Lands, Texas, New Mexico, part of Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Western Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and Canadian Northwest Territories. But the cowboy will soon be only a memory, like the buffalo hunter. He will disappear as the trapper in disappearing. The broncho buster and the horse wrangler will go the way of the old stage driver.

The accessories, the "properties" as the stage managers say, of the cowboy, his sombrero and his chaperajos, and jingling heavy spurs, have struck the imagination and blinded it to his qualities and services. There rises up the distorted image of him in his most reckless moments, in his hours of gross merrymaking, when he tones down his constitution with frontier whiskey and rides his horse into saloons and caracoles crazily through the town shooting and whooping. Yet all observers of his class paint him as far from quarrelsome, sudden and quick in quarrel, indeed, but not seeking it; courteous and self-contained, as men who, live out-of-doors and carry dangerous weapons, and know that their associates carry them are apt to be; truthful, honest, brave, of course, and not merely in action, but endurance, laborious, full of resource. He belonged to a highly-skilled profession. An early initiation into it, and years of training were required. Plenty of Easterners who thought that it was easy for any muscular fellow graduated from the riding schools to become a cowboy found their mistake. The cowboy rode well and roped well. Skill with the rope is only attainable after long and constant practice. Considering the refractory and unbroken or badly broken beasts the cowboys had to ride, and the rough country in which most of their riding had to be done, and considering their perfect control of their mounts, they must be counted among the best horsemen in the world, masters of a style effective for their purposes.

Perfect presence of mind was necessary to the cowboy. We are likely to forget in his fringe and jingle how much hard work, often in difficult conditions, he had to do. Cowpunching in a stampede during bitter weather is no child's play. The men in the "line camps" had duties more responsible and difficult than often fall to soldiers. A great round-up was managed with a skill and discipline substantially military. One day the cowboy drags a steer out of a quicksand, and the grateful beast charges at him in consequence. The next day he is fording a freshet-swollen river, or struggling through a blizzard. A bright-eyed and resolute race were and are the cowboys. Their military capabilities received sufficient demonstration in 1900 in the Strathcona Horse, and in 1898 in the Rough Riders. The idea of forming a cowboy force has, we believe, occurred some ten or twelve years before.

The personal qualities of the cowboys are visible enough, but their services to civilization are scarcely thought of. Over wide regions they have been the pioneers and forerunners. They have fought a good fight, against thieves, especially horse thieves, the arch criminals in a new country where everybody must ride. Banded together they have done wild justice upon many malefactors. Sometimes there has been war between ranch and ranch. But essentially the cowboys have been a force for law and property in a territory where no writ runs that it not signed by the strong hand.

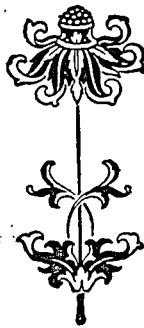
The cowboys' costume and his profession are a modification of those of the Mexican vaquero. They spread from the southwest northward. Something of their quiet courtesy is, perhaps due to their southwestern origin. The East has added to their number. For a time, cowpunching was almost a mania among Eastern collegemen. Cultivated youths were fascinated by the free, open life. In some parts of the West, notably in Colorado, there arose a curious and delightful society. The ranchman was only a cowboy in chief. He was emancipated from many prejudices and localisms. In particular, it was noticed in Cheyenne and Denver in the most high and palmy state of the cattle business, that cowpunching was a sure receipt for reducing the Bostonian morgue.

The strange, burned and gloomy country over which many of the cowboys roamed yet awaits its sacred bard, and so master's hand has yet set down the manly and generous cowboy life under the sun and the stars.

COWBOY IN REAL LIFE

A few words about Western character may be quoted from ex-President Theodore Roosevelt's writings. He, a New Yorker, Harvard student, Western plainsman, rancher, national statesman and conservative analyzer of his subjects, years ago gave the following description as a result of personal knowledge and experience.

"Cowboys resemble one another much more and much less than is the case with their employers or ranchmen. A town in the cattle country, where it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about, presents a picturesque sight. Here are assembled men who follow the various industries known only to frontier existence, who lead lonely lives, only when occasion causes their visit to the 'camp.' All the various classes—loungers, hunters, teamsters, stage drivers, trappers, shepherds, settlers, and men drawn from all classes, plainsmen and mountain men—are here to be seen. Most prominent of all the cowboy; singly, or in twos, or threes, they gallop the wild little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect, or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle. Their stirrups are so long that their knees are hardly bent, and the bridles not taut enough to keep chains from clinking."



THE PIONEER RAILROAD

That Blazed the Trail to the West and Made "The Stampede" and "Frontier Day" Possible

One hundred years ago when the history which is portrayed to us in the "Stampede" and "Frontier Day" parade was in the making, life in the Wild West was undoubtedly much more picturesque, but decidedly less comfortable. Voyages were made on horseback, or in uncomfortable, lumbering prairie schooners, and occupied endless days across unblazed trails. There were Indians to combat and avoid; frost, cold, hunger, and fatigue to endure, and fear, and danger and discomfort on all sides.

It is very pleasant to sit on the grandstand to-day and see those early, pioneering times unfold before us, but we are satisfied with simply that, and with the comforts and luxuries in travel and hotel that have come with the settlement of the West, but we perhaps do not all realize that these changes have come about, have been made possible by the Canadian Pacific Railroad—"The Pioneer Railroad that Blazed the Trail."

The paradise of a continent lies among the rugged Rocky Mountains to the west of us, a veritable Switzerland of wonder and admiration. Through their fascinating glaciers, majestic ranges, sharp precipices, snowy peaks, deep green forests, lovely clear lakes and peaceful valleys we are carried on trains the very acme of comfort, the luxury and convenience of which are unsurpassed in any part of the world to-day. Through this ever-varying change of light and shadow and glorious sunset, we are whirled away in a dream of the past which we are glad is only a dream. The present is too comfortable, too delightful, too convenient.

The Canadian Pacific Railway mountain hotels are noted for their hospitality and luxury. Veritable palace homes of world-wide reputation; to visit them once is ever after to long to return. Picturesquely located at convenient points they afford to the tourist and the health-seeker alike, charming retreats for rest and recreation; to the athlete, tennis, golf and boating; to the hunter, excellent sport, and to the botanist, untold wealth of specimen and flora.

Banff Springs, Chateau Lake Louise, Mount Stephen House, Emerald Lake Chalet, Glacier House, Kootenay Lake, Halcyon Springs, and Sicomous are some of the hostleries famous the world over. At Banff Springs Hotel extensive alterations and improvements have been effected during the past winter, and new baths and fresh water pools installed. A huge hot sulphur water pool, measuring 24 feet by 74 feet, and a fresh water pool, 90 feet across, are attractions, while completely equipped Turkish and Russian showers, fitted in marble, are in operation. There are many special dressing rooms with Swedish masseurs in attendance.

"The Stampede" of to-day differs from that of a hundred years ago—it is a stampede of passengers in the luxurious trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the chain of attractive splendid mountain hotels.

THE INDIAN'S TALE OF CHRIST

BY WALLACE D. COBURN

Far from the white man's habitation,
Under the northland's smiling sun,
Where like a huge wave rolling down,
Mountain and plain blend into one ;
There, where the shadows and sunbeams meet,
Once was the home of the great Blackfeet.

Lost in the clouds that veil the skies,
The crest of the Rockies bravely rise,
Jagged and crowned by eternal snow,
Faithfully guarding the plain below,
That by Dame Nature's hand is traced
Like an apron hung from her ample waist,
With rivers that burst from crystal springs
To act as Nature's apron strings.

The home of a tribe once rich and strong,
That ruled o'er their country well and long.
But as kings e'en bow to the hand of fate
That makes brave hearts as desolate
As the barren sands of a sea-girt isle,
So bows the red-man, and yet the while
In his inmost soul he never yields,
But curbs the passion his spirit feels,
And trusts to the Manitou, czar of men,
To place him back on his throne again.

In all its strength, one summer day,
Of just what year there's none can say,
The old red-men say, long ago,
And what they tell is all we know—
The Blackfeet tribe, in grand display,
Along the Medicine River lay,
The great sun-dance with tortures vile
Was being danced in royal style,
And, grimly, on both day and night,
The Blackfeet danced with all their might;
The youthful braves with savage zest,
Enduring well the torture test.

Bathed in the light of breaking day,
The camp in regal splendor lay,
While formally greeting the rising sun
With weird chant and doleful drum,
'Round and 'round with solemn tread,
The warriors danced and sang and bled.

Sang and danced both young and old,
Praising the sun with its beams of gold ;
Danced as the silvery moonbeams dance,
As on the river they float and glance ;
Sang as the wind in the tree-top sings ;
Sang of the joy that sunlight brings.

Sang like the wolf on the lonely hill ;
Sang the song of the mountain rill ;
Danced as their fathers danced of old,
As into the sky the great sun rolled ;
Sang and danced in many ways,
Blessing the sun's life giving rays.

Thus it was that summer's morn,
When into the Indian world was born
A chief from out of the rising sun,
Whose advent was a welcome one—
The Father of Men, the Manitou,
Into the world was born and grew.

Forth from the spirit land he came,
From the happy hunting grounds his name
Soon dwelt dear on every tongue,
His praise by every lip was sung,
Wise in council, brave and true,
Called by men the Manitou.

Wise was he, no man as wise,
Out of death the corpse would rise ;
The deaf could hear, the blind man see,
At a word from him, so wise was he.
Ah ! happy then the people grew,
The world was changed from old to new.

He told of a land beyond the sky
Where people live and never die ;
Dancing and singing they never tire ;
Where suckling babe and white-haired sire
Are made both strong of limb and mind,
And fleet of foot as the prairie wind.

Where people soar with wings of snow ;
Where live together friend and foe.
Thus this prophet came and spoke,
And in each Indian heart awoke
A feeling never there before—
A longing for this mystic shore.

But one day when the sun was cold
This prophet sought with footsteps bold
The buffalo where dwelt the Sioux,
Who knew not of the Manitou,
And while the heavens seemed to frown,
Sent warriors out to strike him down.

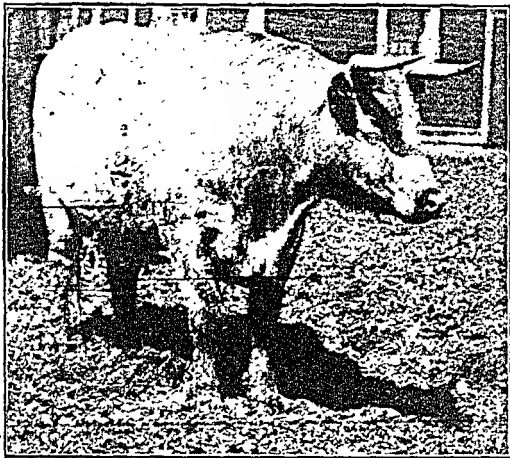
But brave was he, no man as brave ;
He hurtled back the blows they gave,
And countless warriors bit the snow
Beneath his deadly lance and bow.
Three long days and weary nights
Drag slowly on, and still he fights.

But on the fourth his eye grows dim,
His last horse falls from under him ;
His lance is broken, arrows gone,
And yet he battles bravely on ;
Hurling stones of wondrous size,
Till sank the sun in Western skies.

Where pausing the mountain's brim
It seemed to smile and beckon him ;
And floating on its beams of light
Into the clouds he passed from sight ;
Back to his home beyond the sky,
Where people live and never die.

Thus came and went the stranger chief,
And, though his stay on earth was brief,
His teachings still remain behind
In many a dusky warrior's mind,
And when the sun sinks in the West
The Blackfeet say, " He's gone to rest."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A. J. McLEAN.



It is a far cry from the round-up to the Legislative Assembly, and the old-time cowman does not as a rule, take kindly to law-making, but in the Hon. A. J. McLean we have an example of the man who can make good in both lines.

Born in 1860, in Elgin County, Ontario, perhaps the richest part of the old province, with every incentive for remaining, the spirit of adventure,

primal wander-lust gripped him early, and, in '81, he burned his bridges behind him, and set out on the long trek that ended only at the foot of the "Rockies."

Quickly grasping the possibilities of this great Western Empire, and with an eye to the future, he studied the problems of the cowman in the hard school of experience, and by the spring of '87 had fitted himself for the responsible position of managing partner in the famous C Y ranch in Southern Alberta. Here he built up the export cattle trade to such a standard that the name of Archie McLean was for twenty years synonymous with fair dealing and business integrity.

The markets of Liverpool, London and Glasgow were his playgrounds, and hardly a vessel sailing from East Atlantic ports during the season but carried a cargo of Archie's cattle.

But Nemesis was on his trail, and the farmer with his plow plays no favorites, and the old C Y shared the common fate of the other big ranches which were crowded out by the onrushing tide of wheat-growers.

With the sudden contraction of his field of operation, Mr. McLean found leisure to answer the almost unanimous call of his fellow-citizens to represent them in the provincial parliament. Elected by an overwhelming majority in his old ranch constituency, he was later elevated to a position in the cabinet, and his re-election by acclamation was further proof of the hold Archie has on the confidence and esteem of his people.

Holding the position of provincial secretary, under Premier A. L. Sifton, Mr. McLean has found scope for his activities in the important duties of that office, and his businesslike administration of the affairs of the public institutions of the province, reflect the spirit of the man who, though temporarily saddled with the cares of state, still remains at heart a cowpuncher.



Programme

SEPTEMBER 5th, 1912

9 a. m. Parade through streets of city to grounds.

1 p. m. Galloping parade of all mounted people around track.

Presentation of characters to audience.

No. 1. Fancy and trick riding by cowgirls.

No. 2. Stage coach race.

No. 3. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 4. Cowgirls relay race.

No. 5. Bareback bucking horse riding by cowboys.

No. 6. Steer bulldogging contest by cowboys.

No. 7. Roping of steers by cowboys.

No. 8. Fancy roping by cowgirls.

No. 9. Fancy roping by cowboys.

No. 10. Cowboy relay race.

No. 11. Riding of bucking horse by cowgirls.

No. 12. Riding of bucking horse by cowboys.

No. 13. Roping of steers by cowboys.

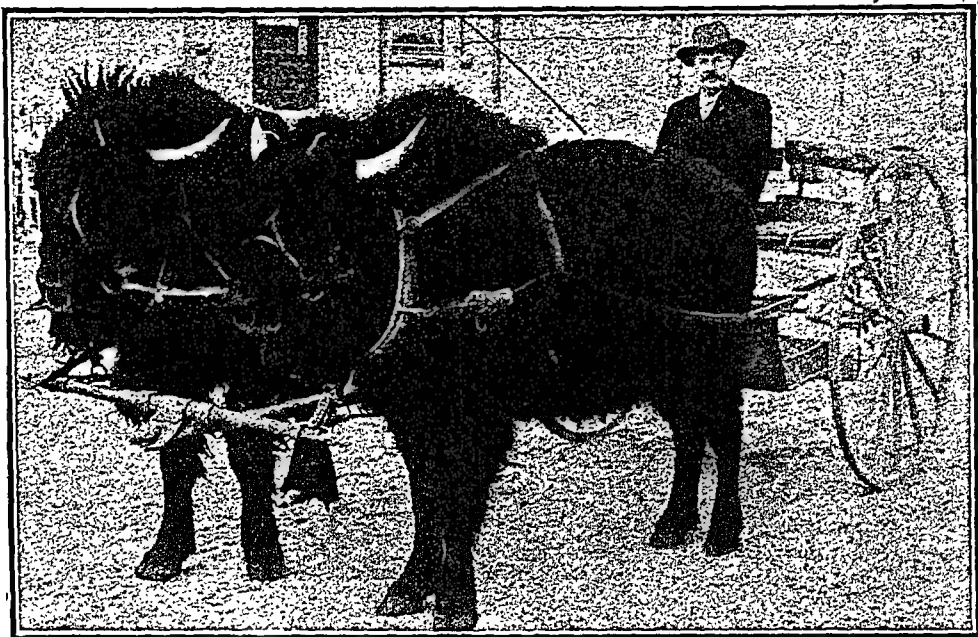
No. 14. Fancy and trick riding by cowboys.

No. 15. Steer riding by cowboys.

No. 16. Indian relay race.

No. 17. Wild horse race.

Any other special events will be announced from judges' stand, and displayed under the heading of extra on the bulletin board.



"BOB" YOKUM

Owner of the only wagon team of trained buffaloes. His picturesque career forms a chapter in the history of Western civilization.

The history of that fabled region—the wild and woolly West—isn't complete without a mention of Major "Bob" Yokum, Indian fighter, ranchman and general upholder of law and order. His name is known from Texas to Alaska, and his life is closely woven into the history of Western civilization. Major "Bob" has selected Pierre S. Dak., as his stamping ground. It was as Deputy United States Marshal that he became known throughout the country as the six-shooting Nemesis of the evil-doer. His new claim to fame, if he needs a new one, is the ownership of a buffalo runabout team. It was about five years ago that he got the idea, so he purchased two young buffaloes, each four months old. The current belief among the ranchman's friends was that the American bison was practically untrainable. The more his friends talked, the harder he worked and inside of a year he had his strange pets all but jumping through a hoop. One afternoon he decided to show results. He drove through the streets of Pierre at a slick trot, turned sharp corners, circled about, and did all sorts of equestrian stunts. After that every citizen in Pierre was anxious to stand treat to the only man who has been able to train absolutely "the HOLY TERROR of the PLAINS."

PROMINENT COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS



FLORENCE LA DUE



DELL BLANCETT



A. P. DAY
Arena Director



BERTHA BLANCETT



NEAL HART

FACTS ABOUT THE EARLY COMING OF THE R.N.W.M. POLICE

Previous to the late autumn of 1874, the Great Middle West of Canada was without law or general government of any kind. Murders and massacres and tribal wars were continuous. Then to intensify these conditions, there would come in from Montana and South of the line, a most nefarious trade in alcohol and "40 rod" whiskey, over which there was no control in its effect upon both the whites and natives who roamed this country at that time.

In the North things were somewhat better. There the mere sentiment of the people, influenced by Christian missionaries, had secured a proclamation from the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories forbidding the importation or sale of intoxicants in these Territories, and, as the people in the North were behind this, the proclamation was generally obeyed, but as there were no settlements or missionaries or Hudson Bay posts south of the North Saskatchewan, the whole country south of the 49th parallel was under the curse of a wild traffic in the vilest kinds of alcoholic compounds.

The state of things was at its worst during the later sixties and early seventies. During these years strong representations were being made to the Ottawa government, urging that steps be taken to establish law and order in the wild west. Notably at this time the Rev. John McDougall, then stationed at Victoria, and again at Edmonton, was most persistent in reporting conditions, and in requesting the intervention of the proper authority, and in 1873, himself and son John, made a special tour through what is now Southern Alberta and Northern Montana, and saw for themselves the true state of shameless villany which, in full unbridled force held sway in all this southern country.

In the meanwhile the government began to bestir itself, and during the summer of 1873 a police force was organized and sent west, reaching that fall the banks of the Red River in Manitoba, and completing organization, started across the plains during the summer of 1874.

This force was sent in three directions. One body to Fort Pelly, in what is now the southeast part of Saskatchewan. Another to Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan River, in what is now Central Alberta, and a third into the southern somewhere, and this last portion ultimately came to the Old Man's River, at the mouth of Willow Creek, and this, in the last month of 1874, Fort McLeod was built and occupied. In the meanwhile and during the long march to these several points under rude conditions, and which occupied weeks and months in accomplishing, couriers, with hurry instructions and commissions, were sent via Forts Carlton and Pitt and Edmonton to Fort McDougall at the base of the mountains in the Bow River country, and as these instructions and commissions were being sent to the Rev. John McDougall, who at this time was out on the plains with a good sized company of Mountain and Wood Stoney Indians for the purpose of provision, making out of the meat of the buffaloes. His wife immediately sent a relief courier out to hunt him. This courier came up to the Rev. John at a point some fifty miles north-east of the present city of Calgary, and found him having a strenuous time trying to keep the peace between the Stonies and a large camp of Northern Blackfeet under "Old Sun" and "Brick Elk" and "Bear Child," and other Blackfoot chiefs.

The coming of the courier, and the import of the letter of instructions to the Rev. John, calling him into Edmonton as his base of supplies and to receive his commission, all of which he explained to these Indians had a most satisfactory effect upon them, and Old Sun said, "We will await your coming to our lodges with this message from the Queen Mother and her chiefs, and we will know how to answer at that time."

Then the Rev. John and his small party of two white men and two Indians made a flying trip in that country between Edmonton and the boundary line, from camp to camp, delivering the government message to mountain, wood and plains, and people emphasizing the purely "Police" side and purpose of this company of armed men coming into this country for the first time—not to fight—but to suppress fighting and whiskey trade and crime of any kind, and to establish peace and deal out British justice to all men, both red and white alike.

This work occupied some two and a half months of strenuous travel, sometimes day and night, swimming full and swollen mountain rivers, and continuous watchfulness, standing guard night after night, and on the alert all day, but the Rev. John was delighted to find that the best of the Indians of any nationality listened to the message he brought with great satisfaction. "Crowfoot,"

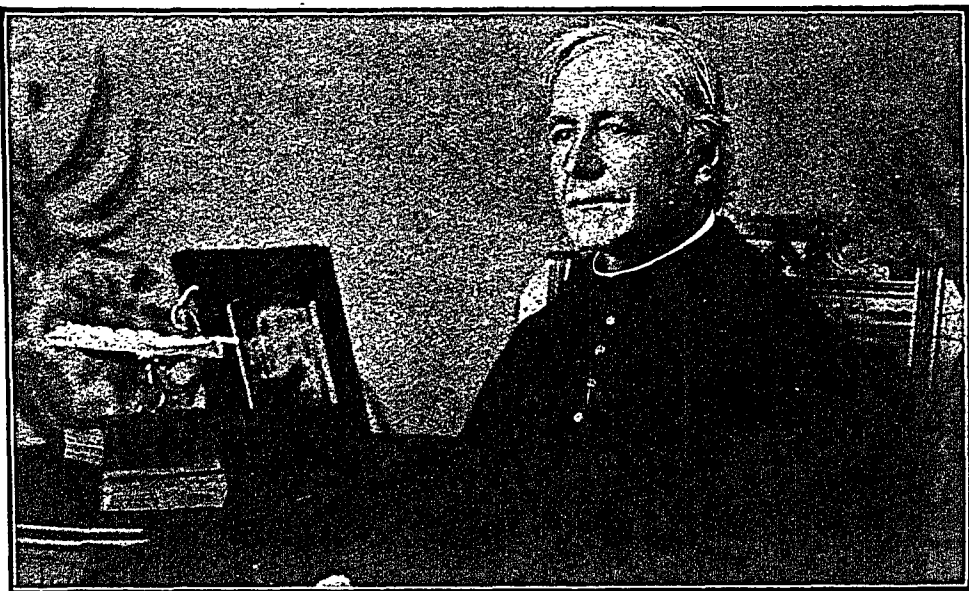
head chief of the allied Blackfoot nation, placing his hand on the heart of the missionary, said, "I believe you. I not hear with my ears, but I also feel from your heart to mine. I am glad to know that a great owner, able to enforce law, is coming. I now see hope for my people and deliverance from 'fire-leader' and bad men". Thus in the early winter of 1874 and '5, the Mounted Police, a mere handful of men, scattered into three sections, hundreds of miles apart, were in posts or forts and under cover however crude, and in the great Northwest, government and law and comparative order were established, and the end of the long fact has come and the new day was with us.'

REV. JOHN McDougall.



NOTES OF EVENTS, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1912

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FATHER LACOMBE

No history of Western Canada would be complete without some account of the life and work of Pere Lacombe, the veteran Oblate father, who is to-day recognized as the greatest living authority on the Cree language, and the man, who during his long and interesting career as a missionary has done as much for the Indians and halfbreeds of the West as any other living man.

Born in St. Sulpice, Quebec, on February 28, 1828, he was ordained a priest and came to Manitoba in 1849. In 1881 he was sent as a missionary to what was known as the Northwest Territories, and his work among the Indians, which has made him famous the world over, was commenced. For many years his headquarters were at St. Albert, near Edmonton, and since the day he arrived in the Territories as a young man, he has devoted his life and energies to the welfare of the Blackfeet, the Cross and the Metis. Even in the days of fierce tribal warfare among the Indians, when tribe fell on tribe, and wiped out their fancied wrongs in blood, when any other man who passed into the wild lands of the west took his life in his hands, Father Lacombe, as he is known, over the length and breadth of Eastern Canada, could pass with impunity from camp to camp of the red men, and it was his courage and teachings that finally ended the fighting among the tribes after years of bloodshed.

His work was not accomplished without peril to himself. On one occasion caught in an ambush with a Blackfeet tribe with whom he happened to be traveling, he was wounded, first in the shoulder and then in the forehead. Nearly one hundred Blackfeet and Crees were killed in that fight, fought out in the dead of winter night, but even to this day, Father Lacombe insists that his beloved red men did not shoot him on purpose, but that he was hit by a ricochet bullet. This may, or may not have been the case, but it is certain that immediately the Crees heard that their beloved missionary was with the tribe they were massacring, they ceased firing, and the battle was over.

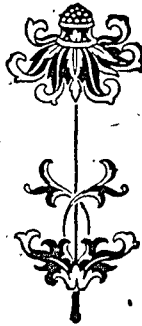
Sudden death on the trail, in the camp, in the woods and on the plains, on the river in summer and winter, everywhere he has faced, and all for the sake of the men by whom he is now regarded as little less than a demigod. Father Lacombe was the first to guide a plowshare through the soil of Alberta. He built the first bridge and erected the first mill in the province, and by exploring the region across country from Lac Ste. Anne, near Edmonton, to Fort Garry, where Winnipeg now stands, he demonstrated that a roadway could be made through this great wilderness, and opened up the country for the Hudson Bay Traders who followed him.

And even in this strenuous life he found time to engage in literary pursuits. He has composed a dictionary and grammar of the Cree language. For 20 years

he worked on these books, having nothing to work on but the sounds and words as he heard them spoken in the hoarse guttural of the Crees. For years he has studied the life, the histories and the traditions of the Indians of the Western Plains, and to-day there is no greater living authority than the white-haired Oblate father, where the slightest wish is law among the men to whom he has given the best years of a life overcrowded with adventure. Indian schools and institutions without number he has founded, and he has done even more. In 1895 he travelled to Ottawa clad in the simple sombre, black gown and cassock of his calling, he met the greatest statesmen of the Dominion of Canada. In plain, straightforward language he told of the lives of the redmen among whom he lived and worked. He told of their being gradually driven from their rich hunting grounds by the relentless onward march of civilization. As the little white-haired priest spoke, the men who were at the helm of the ship of state of Canada saw as he saw. They saw the gradually thinning ranks of the redmen, forced back by the irresistible wave of progress, and they acceded to his wishes. Father Lacombe, the white-haired missionary who occupied an exalted position in the Calgary Stampede and Frontier Day celebration, was the man who was instrumental in having the Dominion Government set aside 15,000 square miles of land in the Canadian Northwest as reservations for the Indians and half-breeds of this country. He provided a home for them where they can live forever. Is it any wonder then that his slightest wish is law, and that he is revered and loved by every red man in the Northwest?

But Father Lacombe did not confine his work to Indians alone. Although well over eighty years of age, he started to erect a home for children and destitute people in Alberta. Alone he collected the funds for this institute. It was the crowning work of his life, and to-day at Midnapore, it stands as a fitting monument to the man who has done so much for Alberta, for its red and white population, and for civilization.

A personal friend of Lord Strathcona, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and other prominent Canadians and statesmen of Great Britain, a man who rendered signal service to the Empire during the Riel rebellion of 1885, the little gray-haired priest is an honored guest of the cattlemen who are behind the stampede. "Pat" Burns, the millionaire cattle king of the west, made no small contribution to the building of the Lacombe Home. He is a firm friend of the venerable father, who is one of the most noted men in the big pageant, and who, with the courage and equanimity that has been one of his marked characteristics through life, is even now waiting the call that will take him from The Last Great West on the longest journey that man may make.





DO YOU THINK

“THE STAMPEDE”
Would Make a Good
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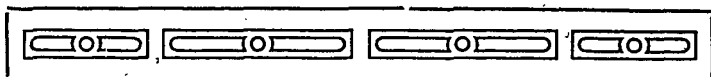
▶ **Q** If so, advise us. This
is Some Country, and
all are Welcome.

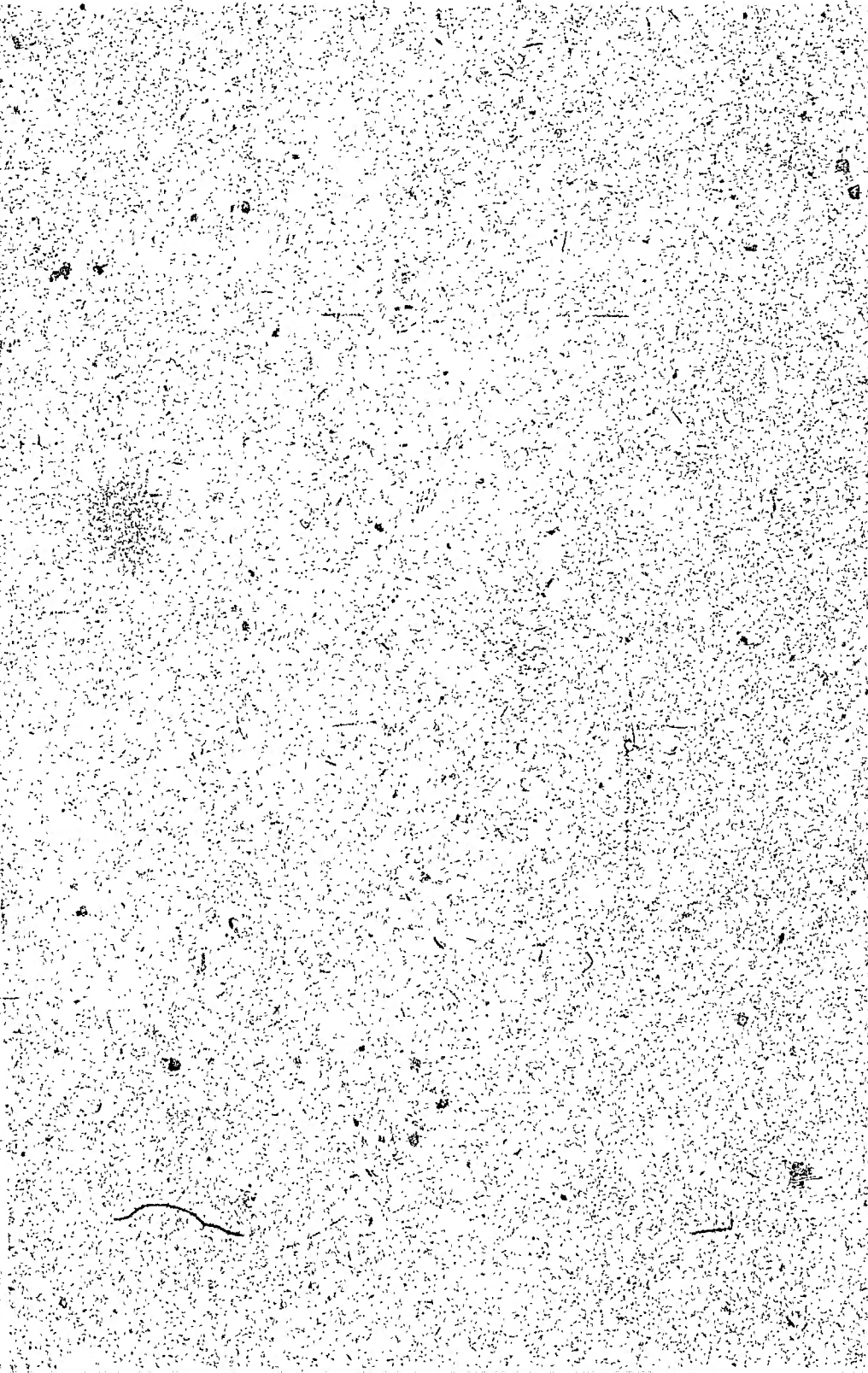
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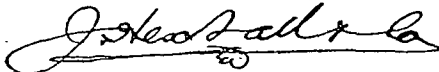
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